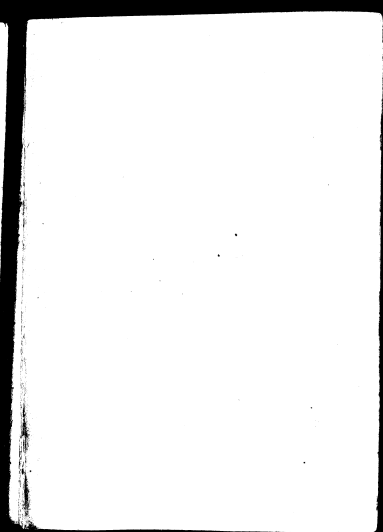
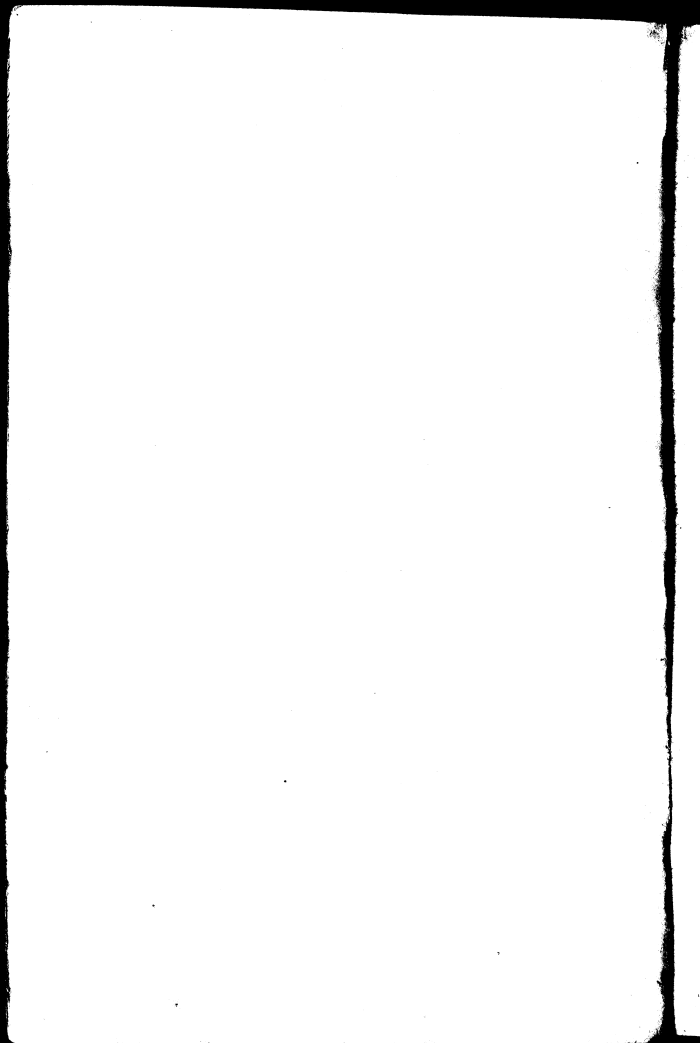


G. Legman

Paris, 1954





THE REGULAR
BANG-UP RECITER,

AND CURIOUS STORY-TELLER ;

A most indescribable Collection of some of the most
Delicious, Amatory, Luscious, Lecherous,
Frisky, Funny, and never equalled

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A regular Rummy Slap-bang Recitation.

SAL TROLOP ; OR, THE CONFIRMATION.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL,

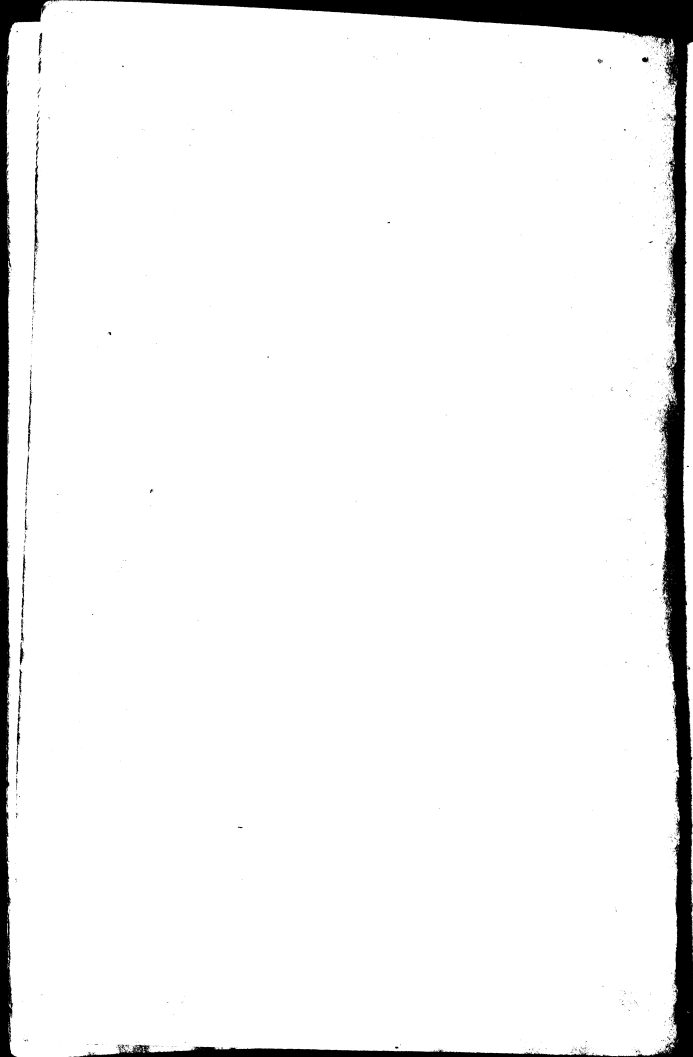
Or the Parson's Old Benbow. A Ticklish Tale.
The Maid & the Breeches ! Riding St. George !
An excellent Story.

The lost Maidenhead. Making a Woman, or the
Misterious Grind !

The Magistrate and the Boy, or the
invisable A— Hole.

The Silver Chamber Pot, &c., &c. ; together
with a Rummy Batch of **FUNNY CONDRUMS.**

The whole written by a "Regular Teazer."



THE REGULAR BANG-UP RECITER.

THE THREE GRACES.

A Capital new Amatory Recitation.

A FARMER who lived in the west,
Wealthy and wise, foud of a jest,
Three daughters had, both young and fair,
None with the sisters could compare ;
Whose eyes beam'd forth such lecherous ire,
'Twould set the coldest heart on fire ;
And then the beauties of their forme
Would raise all lust, burst violent storms ;
Such waists, such necks, such hips, such thighs,
They'd take a saint quite by surprise !
The sisters had just reach'd that age,
When nature fierce begins to rage,
And every wish they all require,
Is free indulgent to desire ;
So every night it was their plan,
To pray for what they wanted---man !
Their father being a prudent soul,
Held them all close 'neath his controul,
For well he knew, without good minding,
Such corn would not long want good grinding.
At last, these lovely sisters three,
Long'd the metropolis to see,
For they had heard much of the sights,
Which each day the folks delights ;
And so at last, to gain renown,
Their father took them up to town.
In town arriv'd, the daughters fair,
To Somerset-house one day repair :

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The paintings won'rous there to view,
And all the curious statues too:
But what drew blushes in their faces,
Was the statues of three naked Graces,
As thus they scan'd these naked forms,
More lecherous thoughts their bosom warms,
While the young bucks who stood around,
Let their lewed jokes and wit abound,
And whisper'd if there forms where bare,
They'd far surpass the Graces there!
Their father, who heard what they did say,
Vexed, his three daughters pull'd away,
And swore to those who round them hover'd,
"All naked things ought to be covered!"
Home the next day they all return'd,
And swore with lust their bosoms burn'd,
So pleased were they with what they'd seen,
That they their wishes could not screen,
So they resolv'd, the funny elves,
To act the Graces three themselves!
One day their father being out,
They vow'd their plot they'd set about:
So to the garden then they flew,
Where every sweet and flower grew:
And thinking there was no one near,
Pull'd off their clothes and stood quite bare,
Embracing—they quickly took their places,
In imitation of the Graces!
It happen'd now, their father's man,
Had just then to the garden ran,
And standing at p—ss behind a tree,
Saw all he had no right to see!
Oh, dear, what thoughts then him oppress,
To view the sisters all undrest,
Their forms so round, so plump,
Their heaving bellies—naked rump,
And other charms which tell I'm not,
But chief of all each small thatch'd cock
At last unable to forbear.
He to the sisters did appear.
And boldly cried, round he hover'd,
"All naked things should be cover'd!"
"Sir," cried the youngest sister then,
"You're wiset surly of men,

That's just what father once did say,
 So Roger, cover us—I pray !”
 No more the clown did want to hear.
 But thought the offer very fair,
 So stretching them upon the ground,
 He tip'd them what they wish'd all round.

When the old farmer came home at night,
 They flew to him with much delight,
 And said, “dear father, didn't you say,
 At Somerset House, the other day—
 That naked things so fair and free,
 No matter what, should cover'd be ?”
 “To be sure I did,” the father said,
 “Then,” said the girls, “we've you obey'd,
 We all stood naked in the ground,
 So Roger cover'd us all round,
 And as we his nakedness did view,
 We in return did cover that too !”

THE WAGER.

A Regular Rummy Recitation, now first printed.

Lord Rochester, that merry blade,
 A wager with King Charles once laid,
 That if his highness should command,
 A woman to run through the Strand,
 As naked as ever she was born,
 He'd stop the gaping people's scorn,
 And spite of all the fuss and clatter,
 Prevent the people laughing at her !
 “Done,” said the king, “I'll take your bet,
 So let's about the business set ;
 And as I hate all vain delay,
 To-morrow shall be the trial-day !”
 The bet was made, for pounds some scores,
 And Charles commanded one of his whores,
 To strip herself quite bare of clothes,
 And all her beauties to disclose,
 And to prepare with freedom bland,
 Next day to scamper through the Strand.
 The day arriv'd—crowds went to see,
 Who the victor of the bet would be,
 And at a signal—came forth the whore,
 And not a single rag she wore.

Prepared to take her cedrious flight,
 When Rochester with much delight,
 Step'd gayly up behind the lass,
 And stuck his nose bang in her a---e!
 This action tickled that funny part,
 And made the whore to let a fart,
 However, the lord his wager won,
 The people laugh'd to see the fun,
 And when the stink began to stir,
 They laughed at him and not at her.
 The king well pleas'd to see the joke,
 Paid down the cash---and thus he spoke,
 "You've won your wager---and here my lass,
 Are ten pounds for shewing your magic a---e!"

THE STOOL.

A Famous new Recitation.

'Twas in a town, which I won't name,
 Some years ago there liv'd a dame,
 As rich as ever she could be,
 Who in her house kept servants three.
 Now this old lady you must know,
 Such stinginess to all did show,
 She'd scarce allow her servants food.
 They were half-starv'd, 'tis understood;
 In vain they all did pray for grub,
 This stingy dame did scold and scrub,
 And swore, while she with rage did foam,
 They'd eat her out of house and home,
 Her footman was a frightful black,
 As black as any chimney back,
 With sausage lips, and rolling eyes,
 And nose of such a monstrous size,
 Her wicked little servant-maid,
 Who was withal a cunning jade,
 Had grown as thin as any spit,
 And for a week hadn't been to shit;
 At last she said she'd speak to dame,
 And stop at once this starving game,
 So to her mistress she repairs,
 And thus her grievous tale declares:

"Oh, madam, I am very bad,
 A belly full I've long not had,
 And I'm so bound in my inside,
 That soon it cannot be denied,
 If of a t—d I'm not deliver'd,
 My mortal race will all be shiver'd,
 So I've a scheme, if you'll agree,
 By which we all may s—t quite free!"
 "Oh, name it, Mary," cried the dame,
 "I'll consent unto the same,
 For sorry I am, upon my word,
 To see you so long in labour with a t—d;
 So name it Mary, do, I pray,
 And please the pigs then shit away."
 "Why madam," said Poll, "my scheme is this,
 I'm sure you'll not take it amiss,
 You know your black footman, Mr. Dick,
 With ugly mug, and lips so thick;
 So what I humbly now implore,
 Is that you'll fix him behind the shit house door."
 "Lor, bless me, Mary," cried the dame,
 "What do you mean, I pr'y thee name?"
 "Because," cried Poll, "you must declare,
 If you fix that black fellow there,
 He cannot fail or I'm a fool,
 To frighten us all into a stool."

THE HOLE IN THE WALL; or the PARSON'S OLD BENBOW.

A Capital Amatory Recitation never before printed

All who would like to hear a tale
 That to amuse ye cannot fail,
 I'll tell you one of am'rous fun,
 I'll make you laugh before I have done,
 Down in the country, free from strife,
 There lived a farmer and his wife;
 Whose beauty was of such a kind,
 It fill'd with lust each person's mind;
 And 'mong the rest unto his shame,
 The parson felt for her a flame;
 And often tried, the wicked lout,
 To cuckold Giles the farmer stout

At length, annoyed by his addresses,
The dame unto her spouse confesses,
The am'rous parson's lewd desire,
Which set the good man's brain on fire.
At length they both devised a plan,
To punish well this holy man ;
And Giles who had some fun in view,
Bor'd a large hole the wainscot through,
'Twas large enough, I can't be wrong,
To admit a member large and strong,
When they agreed upon the plan,
Across the fields the dame then ran ;
And in a close secluded place,
She met the parson face to face !
With am'rous words he sued the dame,
And tried to make her ease his flame ;
Swearing what wealth should be her store,
If she would let him have a bore,
To his delight, to his great joy.
The dame no longer seem'd so coy,
But blushing deeply, hung her head,
But not a word of anger said,
Pleas'd at the change, the parson then,
Most holy and upright of men,
Kiss'd and felt her—you know what,
And would have done it on the spot,
But she desir'd he'd stay his might,
Until the next—'twas Wednesday night,
When her husband would be out,
And none could see what they were about !
The parson vow'd he would obey,
And then delighted walked away.
Next night to his appointment true,
The parson enter'd to her view,
While Giles all in his perfect fume,
Conceal'd quite snug in the next room,
Grasp'd a sharp razor, and awaited,
Time his vengeance would be stated ;
The parson burning for his mate,
Declar'd by jingo he'd not wait,
So swore with visage very grave,
That with her he'd an upright have.
With that to make his am'rous breaches.
He pull'd old Benbow from his breeches,

And fixing the same, I do assure ye.
 Went at her just like any fury !
 The dame, who knew well what was what,
 Said she would guide it to the spot,
 While the old parson very bland,
 Seem'd pleas'd, so pop'd it in her hand ;
 Which she no sooner had by joel,
 Than bang she thrust it through the hole,
 And Giles at the other side quite still,
 Whip'd off the tool with wondrous skill !
 Away run the parson from the farm,
 Bawling with anguish and alarm :
 While Giles the window up then threw,
 Sayinz, " D—n ye, take your tool with you."
 And then without more fuss or rout,
 Bang from the window threw it out,
 It happen'd a lally liv'd close by
 Whose servant girl, so keen and sly,
 Just at this moment she was crossing,
 When Giles the member was out tossing,
 Bearing candle stick so bright,
 And piece of candle all alight,
 When the large tool, without a doubt,
 Fell on the light and put out !
 The maid confus'd, a curious case,
 Took out the candle, and in its place,
 The thoughtless wicked little fool,
 Pop'd in the parson's bleeding tool :
 Then to her mistress's room she sped,
 And with astonishment she said :
 " oh, mistress, mistress, look ye, see,
 What a curious thing has come to me : "
 The mistress ga'd with wond'ring eyes,
 And view'd old Benbow's length and size,
 Turn'd it all round, on ev'ry side,
 And then she in much wonder cried :
 " oh, Mary, where did you find this ?
 May I never go to piss,
 If 'tis not Parson Whackey's roger,
 The wicked, lustful, lecherous codger :
 It is his tool, there is no doubt,
 I know it by the pimple on the snout : "

KITTY'S BRISTLES.

A Famous new Recitation. Now first printed

Kitty the milk-maid young and fair,
 Had had a belly bald and bare,
 Nor could the temple of desire,
 E'er boast, or else I'm a liar,
 Until to womanhood she'd grown,
 The smallest signs of silken down!
 At length to Kitty's great surprise,
 Between her plump and ivory thighs,
 And all the seat of joy about,
 A little bush began to sprout,
 Which caused in her some foolish fear,
 She knew not women boasted hair.
 Now Kitty alarm'd, as it is said,
 Unto her grandmother she sped,
 And crying, she exclaim'd, "Oh, oh!
 Grandmother, I'm fill'd with woe;
 I'm sure I don't know what to do,
 So for advice I've come to you!"
 The grandmother without more clatter,
 Quickly inquired what was the matter.
 "Oh dear," said Kitty, "'tis a sin,
 I scarcely know how to begin;
 But you must tell me how to act,
 For what I tell you is a fact;
 I always have been fond of bacon.
 And that's the cause, or I'm mistaken;
 I've eaten it, as I'm a sinner,
 For supper, breakfast, and for dinner,
 Until—oh dear, as I must tell ye,
 The bristles are growing out of my belly!"
 With that unto her anxious granny,
 Kitty exposed her little Fanny!
 "Oh," said the dame, "pray stop your tears,
 You have no reason for your fears,
 'Tis nature, nothing else, my dear,
 All women have the same I swear,
 In proof of which, don't mourn your lot,
 See what a muff your granny's got!"
 With that the dame pull'd up her clothes,
 And to young Kitty did expose,

A thing with such a plenteous nap,
 'Twas like a grenadier's cap :
 Kitty could scarce believe her eyes,
 Then in a tone of wonder cries ;
 "Granny, to get so large a wig.
 You must have swallowed a whole pig!"

THE MAID AND THE BREECHES ; OR, THE NAKED TRUTH.

A Slap-up Original Smutty Recitation.

It was in France, during times of slaughter,
 There liv'd a lady and her daughter ;
 The first was rich, and staid, and true,
 And loved her only daughter, too !
 Now Emilie, the daughter's name,
 For beauty had attained much fame ;
 In fact, she was a sprightly lass,
 With such a figure, such an a—e ;
 An a—e enough to cause desire,
 And set the Thames indeed on fire.
 Many a swain did pine to be,
 This pretty maiden's chere amie,
 And she with lustful passions bent,
 To have a grind was her intent ;
 Among the rest who sought her hand,
 There was a youth whose name was Bland ;
 A youth with every charm and grace,
 And such a prepossessing face.
 Her mother knew her daughter's aim,
 And fearful she'd be brought to shame,
 Oft took her daughter on the sly,
 And to advise her thus did try :
 "My child, with anguish I behold,
 That you are getting pert and bold,
 You're straying in temptation's den,
 And are too forward with the men.
 Take my advice my daughter dear,
 And then I'm sure you need not fear ;
 You with the lads my romp and play,
 All in a simple, modest way,
 But above all their tempting speeches,
 Oh, mind the thing they've in their breeches :

Unless to ruin you'd take strides,
 Ne'er take that their breeches hides."
 Emilie humble in a trice,
 Vow'd she would follow her advice,
 And shun these nasty sons of b—es,
 Who carried things within their breeches,
 How well her vow she kept I ween,
 Will very quickly now be seen ;
 It happened on the self same night,
 She saw her loving swain at shite,
 With breeches down below his shoes,
 Oh, such a sight she could not lose ;
 For lo ! erect between his thighs,
 An object curious met her eyes ;
 An object I'll not mention here,
 'Tis one ordain'd to please the fair.
 Now such sensations through her gl^w
 As she her looks on this bestow'd :
 And roll'd tumultuous through her frame,
 And mov'd a part I will not name !
 The youth beheld her, need I say,
 What then took place without delay ?
 Emilie had all her wishes given,
 And four times thought herself in heaven ?
 When she'd appear'd her lecherous bed,
 She kiss'd the youth, and home she sped ;
 And rushing to her mother's sight,
 Thus she exclaim'd with much delight ;
 " Oh, mother, mother, you was wise,
 Me so kindly to advise,
 A thousand times I'll bless your name,
 And never more your harshness blame ;
 For all through your correct advice.
 I've just had something very nice.
 In one of neighbour Ormond's ditches,
 I Raymond saw without his breeches,
 With something like a roasting spit,
 The darling creature was at shite,
 No sooner did he view me, when,
 The most gallant and sweet of men,
 Then he across my person got,
 And four times gave me—you know what,
 " Wretch," cried her mother, in alarm,
 Which nothing seem'd enough to calm :

" Did I not tell you, did you not swear,
 That of the man you would beware ?
 Scorning their amorous wicked speeches !"
 And ne'er take what they'd in the breeches,
 " I know I did," the daughter said,
 " And why do you thus me upbraid ?
 I've kept my word, let that suffice,
 Thus I attended your advice ;
 The thing was in his hand, don't scoff—
 Besides, he had his breeches off. '

RIDING SAINT GEORGE.

An Excellent Smutty Recitation, never before printed.

A country lad had heard, they say,
 About the wonders of the play,
 And how, Duerow, the cockney's pride,
 With wond'rous skill Saint George could ride,
 And so at last resolv'd—don't frown—
 To see him ride, to come to town.
 With rhino in his purse galore,
 A matter of ten pounds or more,
 Drest out in bran new suit of clothes,
 Away to London Dobbin goes.
 Arriv'd in town, a stupid clown,
 He wander'd up, and wander'd down,
 Star'd at each sight with great amaze,
 No sight there was escap'd his eyes,
 Except the one for which he came,
 To see Saint George a mighty fame.
 He ask'd of every one he met,
 But information could not get,
 'Till he espied a blowen young,
 To whom he thus did wag his tongue:—
 " My pretty lass, can'st tell," he cried,
 " Where the folks Saint George do ride ?"
 The mot who saw he was a flat,
 Replied unto his question pat;
 " Why yes, my lad, but come with me,
 And great Saint George I'll show to thee !"
 Dobbin was pleas'd, so took her arm,
 And off he walk'd without alarm ;
 The lecherous little blowen then,
 Took him unto a pawaken ;

They walk'd up stairs, she lock'd the door,
 And then the artful little whore,
 Said, the price to see the saint, you ninny,
 Is just you see a golden guinea !"
 Dobbin the money paid, 'tis said,
 Then down she threw him on the bed,
 Pull'd down his leather breeches rare,
 And laid his secret member bare,
 Which teaz'd at such unusual fun,
 Stood stiff and upright as a gun.
 The blowen then pull'd up her smock,
 And mounting guard like any cock,
 Did work away in pretty style,
 Dobbin was grinning all the while,
 Until subdued by amorous play,
 He fainted once, then swoon'd away.
 When he recover'd, cried the whore,
 "Your sport you never can deplore,
 Saint George I've shewn you, true I say,
 How do you like it, tell me, pray ?"
 "Why," said the clown, "I am not cross,
 Though George has turn'd me to a horse ;
 I think he be a savage cur,
 To turn my tool into a spur,
 Dang it, oh, dear, my little mot,
 What a long beard Saint George has got !"
 Home went the clown well pleas'd, oh, dear,
 And told his story every where ;
 Then took a youthful frisky bride,
 And soon taught her Saint George to ride.

THE LOST MAIDENHEAD.

A Capital out-and-out, nothing but a good Rummy
 Reckonon, never before printed.

In a small village in Yorkshire once,
 'Tis true, or else I am a dunce ;
 There dwelt, as you must know, a dame,
 Dobbin's they tell me was her name.
 A worthy, simple, good old soul,
 Whose life did in contentment roll,
 A widow she, with but one child,
 A girl in disposition mild ;

Sixteen she was, a nice ripe age,
 And form'd, the coldest to engage.
 Oh, who can tell this damsel's charms?
 To try my muse it quite alarms;
 Dark eyes beaming with desire,
 A bosom fill'd with lechery's fire:
 Round bubbies, just like dumplings, plump
 And then I'm told she'd such a rump,
 Not that this sweet bewitching lass,
 A public show she made of her a—,
 But once while sporting down a hill,
 With frisky Ben, and larkish Will,
 She stumbled, and reveal'd a stern.
 That e'en would make a stoic burn.
 'Twas as white as snow, 'twas round and plump,
 No maid could boast so fine a rump:
 Will gazed, and sigh'd, alas! alas!
 And saw much more than Dolly's a—,
 A belly tempting met, his eyes,
 And such a luscio's pair of thighs:
 With a little slit between them wedg'd,
 Which just with silken hair was fiedg'd—
 From that sweet hair poor Will was fir'd,
 And to fill Dolly's op'ing he desir'd:
 But knew not how to gain his joy,
 For Dolly she was rather coy:
 Although she oft in secret pined,
 For what in men she could only find,
 But her mother fill'd her mind with dre'd,
 And warn'd her 'bout her maidenhe'd,
 Which if she lost, she said—oh, dear,
 She never would know aught but care,
 Howe'er Will had seen the spot—
 And spite of what might be her lot,
 He vow'd that he would ne'er rest,
 Until he was completely blest:
 'Twas on a summer's afternoon,
 About the middle 't was of June.
 That Dolly wander'd o'er the plain,
 And met this amorous loving swain,
 They talk'd, they jok'd, they rompd so gay,
 And all among the new-mown hay:
 When Will's breeches down by accident fell,
 And show'd a tool that's known full well:

Dolly she view'd it with surprise,
 And wonder'd at its strength and size :
 Its rosy head, all in a glow,
 And the luscious fruit that hung below.
 La ! will, she cried, what's this I see,
 Whatever can its meaning be ?
 I ne'er saw such a thing before,
 With that she rubb'd and felt o'er.
 My dear, quoth Will, it is a tree—
 Which I was born to give to thee :
 And you have got a place so sweet,
 To hold it compact and neat :
 And if you don't its prophecied,
 Of every joy you'll be denied !
 Dolly with terror herd this news,
 And how could she poor girl refuse,
 So up her shift went in a shot,
 And will soon tipt her—you know what :
 What bliss—what heavenly joy was theirs,
 How willy sported 'mid the hairs,
 Rifling all her beautiful charms,
 Rolling, basking in her arms,
 Until the stream of joy was run,
 And breathless—panting, they were done.
 Dolly went home—not thinking wrong,
 And told her mother—all along,
 How will had serv'd her—what he had done,
 And how she lik'd the amorous fun,
 Her mother heard her guilty tale,
 And then with grief she did bewail,
 “ Oh, foolish girl,” with grief she said,
 “ Willy has stolen your maidenhead,”
 Dolly with anguish heard her woes,
 And she next day to will she goes,
 “ Ah, will,” the damsel then did say,
 “ Mother says you've stole my maidenhead away,
 A jewel such to me no doubt,
 I shall be lost if I'm without,”
 Will heard the tale, the cunning elf,
 And thinking only of himself
 Said, “ do not weep, my pretty lass,
 Worse things than that has come to pass,
 Your maidenhead sha'nt cause you pain,
 I soon can give it you back again.”

Oh, can you, Willy, love, she cried,
 Oh, then, of course, I'm satisfied!
 So Will without much more to do,
 Once more exposed her charms to view,
 And three times more in Fanny went,
 Then home he sent her quite content!
 She once more told the anxious dame,
 Who storm'd to hear her daughter's name.
 And once more told her she was cross'd,
 For she her maidenhead had lost.
 Back went Doll to Will next day,
 And for his help once more did pray,
 Saying, her mother, alas, still said,
 That she had lost her maidenhead!
 "Your mother's wrong," cried cunning Will,
 "Your maidenhead you've got it still.
 Only I see, I am no liar,
 It wants poking up a little higher."
 Dolly believed what Willy said,
 So on her a—e once more she laid,
 And six times all that he had got,
 Went into her sweet little spot;
 And I'm convinc'd—the fact's not small,
 She could have taken ——— and all!
 Young Doll went home, and went to bed,
 And just to keep her maidenhead,
 She call'd each day at Will's desire,
 To poke it up a little higher.

MAKING A WOMAN; OR, THE MYST- TERIOUS GRIND.

An Excellent New Flash Recitation.

Some years ago, this is the truth,
 A farmer had a hopeful youth,
 This only son, about eighteen,
 And full as any cabbage green;
 But still the farmer thought him wise,
 No fault he had, unto his eyes,
 And all indulgences he sought,
 Robin obtain'd, and nothing thought,
 Now Robin grown tired of his native village,
 And also of both plough and tillage;

Wanted to travel both far and wide,
 To see all sights that could be spied,
 And chief of all, as you shall know,
 To Birmingham he wish'd to go;
 To see the manufactories there,
 His father with joy his wish did hear,
 So gave him ample share of pelf,
 And off then starts the clownish elf,
 Some months had Robin been away,
 So thought he would no longer stay,
 Tired of all he'd seen, 'tis plain,
 He mounts the coach—he goes home again!
 His father met him with gay mein,
 And ask'd him 'bout th' sights he'd seen.
 "Sights," cried Rob, "I do not chaff,
 Whey, lor, I couldn't think o' half;
 To Birmingham I did repair,
 And see'd the wond'rous factories there,
 But one I saw, although it's small;
 But dang it, I zay, it beats them all;
 It has no equal—gold I'll stake,
 'Tis a factory where they women make!"
 "Make women!" cried his sire, with speed,
 "Nonsense—you must be wrong indeed!"
 "Indeed I'm right," young Rob replies,
 "I see'd one made wi' my own eyes!
 And you'll believe the same is poz,
 When I shall tell you how it was;
 One night, while walking through the town,
 Th' rain did suddenly pour down,
 And so around I look'd d'ye mine,
 To see if I could a shelter find;
 At last a house I spied— I'm sure,
 A lamp was hanging o'er the door,
 And so indeed the truth I tell,
 I thought that it was an hotel,
 But it turn'd out, as you shall see,
 A woman factory to be!
 I walk'd into the passage straight,
 To knock or ring, I did not wait,
 But up the stairs I quickly tore,
 Untill I reach'd a chamber door!
 Not hearing any noise, don't grin—
 With silent step I bur'dled in.

And saw a sight—oh, dear, it's true,
 I almost blush to tell you,
 Upon a soft and downy bed,
 A naked woman there was laid,
 And it is true, upon my honour,
 A man was mounted right upon her,
 With tools and rammer in his hand,
 For workmanship was wisely plann'd;
 He rubb'd her up, he strok'd her down,
 And wagg'd a gimlet, do not frown—
 That he was making her 'tis plain,
 To contradict me it is vain,
 For I myself, it is no farce,
 Did see him bore a hole in her a—e.

THE MAGISTRATE AND THE BOY; OR, THE INVISIBLE A—E HOLE.

One of the most Celebrated Recitations ever written,
 now first printed.

'Twas in a little country town,
 A magistrate liv'd of some renown,
 Who dealt out law with wisdom keen,
 And seldom did with mercy screen.
 Luckless the rogue who met his nod,
 Certain he was to go to quod;
 The thief felt queer about the wizen,
 He always sent him off to prison;
 For mercy they did useless pray.
 The magistrate e'er answer'd nay.
 But to my tale, 'tis quite new,
 And I can answer it is true.
 A rogue before this man was brought.
 Who stealing poultry had been caught;
 A rogue, he was well known about,
 And deserved a rope, there is no doubt.
 With trembling limbs the culprit stood,
 And the fierce magistrate he view'd,
 Who look'd so grim, with surly face,
 Just as he enter'd on the case.
 The case was heard, 'twas very clear
 The culprit's doom did soon appear.

The magistrate, as did besit him,
 Was going for trial to commit him,
 When the poor thief for mercy bawl'd
 And begg'd a witness might be call'd.
 A boy who could his innocence prove,
 And from him all the guilt remove.
 His wish was granted—no one mocks,
 The boy was plac'd in the witness box,
 A little roguish looking dog,
 Whom 'twould have been no sin to flog.
 He look'd so arch, so wise, and bold,
 And was not more than ten years old.
 "Well, young scapegrace," the beak loud quoth,
 "D'ye know the nature of an oath?"
 Dick scratch'd his head, with fearless view,
 And said, "Your Worship, that I do;
 I've known its nature some time since,
 An oath, why it costs eighteen pence!"
 "You rogue," exclaim'd the beak with rage,
 "You are a rascal I'll engage,
 Tell me you little beggar's spawn,
 Tell me, I say, was you e'er sworn?"
 "No," said the boy, with vissage grim,
 "But feyther had summat sworn to him,"
 "Well, what was that?" cried beak quite wild,
 "Why," said the boy, "a bastard child!"
 More vext the beak did appear,
 And growl'd just like a savage bear,
 But Dick stood unabash'd at all,
 While thus the magistrate did bawl:—
 Answer my questions, or by jingo,
 You rascal, I'll send you to limbo!
 You much too saucy are by far, [are?"
 "Do you know how many commandments there
 Oh yes," said Dick, "I'll tell that fine,
 How many commandments, why, there's NINE!"
 "NINE," cried the beak, most wise of men,
 "You lie, you dog, you know there's TEN!"
 "I know there was," young Dick did say,
 "But you broke one the other day."
 "I broke one! tell me how was that?"
 "I will," said Dick, "and that quite pat,
 You broke one—when, I'm not afraid,
 In Squire Gales's field you ramm'd your maid!"

" You arrant liar," the beak then cried,
 " You to a cart's tail shall be tied ;
 Your word's not worth a louse in law,
 You'd swear to what you never saw !"
 " To be sure I would," cried Dick with glee,
 " I'd swear to what I never see,
 I'll swear you've a hole in your a—e so fat,
 And I'm damn'd if ever I saw that !"
 The worthy magistrate was beat,
 The people laugh'd at such a treat,
 Asham'd, the beak, with judgment brief,
 Discharg'd the boy, also the thief.

THE SAILOR'S LONG MARLINE-SPIKE; OR, THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

A Capital Original Smutty Recitation

Once on a time my story goes,
 There liv'd not far from town,
 A worthy couple—called Rose,
 Of wisdom and renown.
 Content they liv'd, for they'd enough,
 And also some to spare;
 Besides they had one only girl,
 As any angel fair.
 Fair Ellen was this maiden's name,
 Grace o'er her form was spread,
 And scarcely seventeen summers had,
 Their influence o'er her shed !
 But oh, she'd such a form divine,
 'Twould fill a stone with fire,
 And make th' coldest bosom burn,
 With lechery and desire.
 Now Ellen suitors had just three,
 Who sought to gain her hand,
 One was a wealthy squire's son,
 With houses, gold, and land !
 The second was a clergyman,
 A man of skill and science;
 And the third he was a jolly tar,
 Who bade them all defiance !
 Long did those beaux tease Ellen's life,
 And strive to win her favour ;

But Ellen saw both the first two,
 With cold and coy behaviour !
 The jolly tar she smil'd upon,
 A stout young blade was he ;
 No wonder th: she should prefer,
 One who could plough the ocean ! (C.)
 At length the parents thought it best,
 To make a last provision ;
 And which should have their daughter fair,
 To come to a decision !
 And so they fix'd upon a day,
 It was in April weather ;
 For all the three—at their house in glee,
 To meet there altogether !
 The day arriv'd—the lovers met,
 A dinner was provided,
 Of which they all partook so free,
 And jollity presided.
 The cloth remov'd, the glass went round,
 Which they join'd hand and heart in ;
 Until at length dull night announc'd,
 That it was time for starting.
 The swains arose to go away,
 Not having mark'd the hours ;
 When, lo ! to their great dismay,
 The rain came down in showers.
 They dreaded to have such a storm,
 Thro' tempest to be dodging ;
 And so petition'd Ellen's sire,
 To give them all a lodging.
 This question puzzled Mr. Rose,
 His house was small in station ;
 And scarcely knew how that he could
 Afford them accommodation.
 At length he told they might stop,
 In shelter from the weather,
 If no objection they had got,
 To all pig in together.
 They took the offer with much joy,
 Nor spoke of their condition .
 Their room was parted from their good hosts,
 Only by a partition ;
 And next unto her parent's room,
 Was Ellen's sleeping station ;

So all the three could lay in bed,
 And hear the conversation.
 The squire's son said, "she'll have me,
 For who can count my riches?
 I've got ten thousand full a year,
 With houses, land, and ditches!
 I've hounds, and horses such a store,
 With oxen too to slaughter;"
 "Oh," whispered Rose unto his wife,
 "That's the man for our daughter!"
 "Talk not of your wealth," replied the next,
 "Ellen has more discerning,
 To choose a swain so vain as you,
 Look at my skill and learning!
 In talents, and in scholarship,
 All others I'm excelling!"
 "Oh," said the dame unto her spouse,
 "That's the man for Ellen!"
 The jolly tar had silent been,
 His patience scarcely keeping;
 At length enraged, he cried, "yer swabs,
 Damn ye, yer've stopt my sleeping!
 But if yer don't belay yer jaw,
 Although I might be loth, sirs,
 I'll take my marline-spike in hand,
 And ram it through yer both, sirs."
 Now Ellen had sleepless press'd her bed,
 And heard what her requited;
 But when she heard the Jack tar's words,
 She cried aloud delighted!
 "If Jack has got a marline-spike,
 That will pass thro' two, d'ye see;
 In spite of all you can say or do,
 Why he's the man for me!"

L TROLLOP; OR, THE CONFIRMATION.

nuous Amatory Tale, adapted for Recitation, and
 now first printed.

Some time ago, the truth I tell,
 This curious incident befel,
 Which I'm about to tell in rhyme,
 It does not matter about the time.
 'Twas in the country—true, but where.
 I dare say that you do not care;

A worthy rustic dame there dwelt,
 Who all the cares of labour felt,
 And toil'd from morning until night.
 From dismal eve, till morning's light;
 Although she had a daughter, who,
 Was stout, and fair, and saucy too;
 In age she was but just fourteen,
 Although in wisdom none so green.
 It happen'd, as is oft the case,
 The worthy bishop of the place,
 Had fix'd upon a day, I find,
 To confirm all those who felt inclined;
 So Sal with much persuasion,
 Went to the church on that occasion;
 And it shall now be my endeavour,
 To tell her very strange behaviour.
 'Tis known to all the truth I task,
 The questions that the bishop asks;
 And so repeat of course I shall,
 What the good man did say to Sal.
 He eyed her with a sacred flame,
 Then said, "my dear, what is your name?"
 "My name," quoth Sal, who thought he'd huff her,
 "My name's Sal Trollop, you old buffer;"
 The bishop star'd with inward shame,
 Then mildly said, "Who gave you that name?"
 "Who gave it me?" cried Sal, not coy,
 "Why, Dicky Scragg, the butcher boy,
 And mother swears, so help her sneezum,
 She'll kick his a—e when next she sees him!"
 The holy man, who thought her mad,
 Said in a piteous tone so sad,
 "Alas! alas! thou poor weak girl;"
 "Not so weak, old cove," cried Sal,
 Of taters I can carry a sack,
 For full two miles upon my back;
 So do not think that weak I be,
 Damn it that's very well for a young bitch like me.

THE COPPER STICK.

A Capital Amatory Recitation, never before printed.
 In London Town, some years ago,
 A laundress liv'd, nam'd Betty Enow,
 Whom nature had not form'd so cold,
 But that she oft in pleasure roll'd;

Althouth a buxom widow she,
 Upon the sly took wheedl'm dee;
 And by a chance fall of that kind,
 She had a daughter, p'rythee mind,
 Who at the time my tale commences,
 Was ripe enough to charm the senses
 A sweeter age there's not I ween,
 Than that delightful age, fifteen!
 But Liddy her mother helped to scrub,
 And like her stood at washing-tub,
 And was, the truth I will not pass,
 A good industrious little lass.

Now you must know, one day her mother
 About the house kick'd up a bother,
 For some one, curse the scurvy trick,
 Had stolen her only copper stick!
 About the house the dame did swear,
 And Liddy came in for her share,
 For you must know it was a shame,
 Her mother fix'd on her the blame;
 And said the copper-stick she'd hid,
 'Cause she'd not do as she was bid.

In vain poor Liddy look'd around,
 No copper stick could then be found;
 At length up stairs the maid did fly,
 Afraid to meet her mother's eye,
 And just to pass the time away,
 Look'd from the window, so they say.

It happen'd when Lid pop'd forth her head,
 A stout young lab'rer near there sped,
 And feeling quite full, not seeing Miss,
 Beneath the window stop'd to p—ss!
 But what did then poor Liddy see?
 Betwixt his belly and his knee,
 'Twas something thick, 'twas something strong,
 And nearly twenty inches long!
 Lid gaz'd on the forbidden fruit,
 And much admir'd the famous root,
 While the young man unconscious stood,
 And p—p away while all was good.
 At last, and feeling am'rous twitches,
 He was going to pop it in his breeches,
 When down ran Lid bang in the street,
 And seizing his great lump of meat,

And pulling him into the room,
While he with pain did stamp and fume,
She said, "young man, that member thick,
Is just like mother's copper-stick,
Which she has lost, so this I'll borrow,
Because we're going to wash to-morrow!"

A RUMMY BATCH

OF ORIGINAL SMUTTY CONUNDRUMS.

1. When was the first fart mentioned in Scripture?
When Balaam's ass (arse) spoke.
2. Why is a maid like a quill?
Because she must be split before she'll make
fine stroke!
3. Why is an act of parliament like a royal shirt or shift?
Because it receives the royal assent (arse-scent).
4. Why did Solomon rend his garment when his son died?
To show his great concern to the people.
5. Why is a good tool like a seedy swell?
Because it's often put to the shift.
6. Why is a blowen the best woman in the world?
Because she's fond of the upright, and always
shews the naked truth.
7. Why had the women more cause to fret than any
other persons during the late frost?
Because the mails (males) could not get in.
8. Why is every woman like an hostess?
Because she keeps an open-ing (open inn) between
her thighs.
9. Why is a standing tulip like a dead body?
Because it's a stiff-un.
10. Why is a dancing master like a blowen?
Because he lives by balls.
11. What is the first thing you do after you have been
to s—t?
Shut your a—e h—e.
12. Why is a queen's bed like the mint?
Because it's the place to make a Sovereign.
13. Why is Queen Victoria like a new shilling?
Because it was made to sp—d.

THE LUSCIOUS BARGAIN.

A Famous new Tale, adapted for Recitation, and now
first printed.

A man with gold and good estate,
Once took unto himself a mate;
A lady fair as fair could be,
And form'd to clasp the luscious tree!
Such eyes she had, who'd not admire,
They'd set a stoic's brain on fire?
Such pouting lips, the heart to win,
And such an alabaster skin,
In fact, a lass, I am not wrong,
That but to gaze at, made you long!
But yet her spouse she much revil'd,
Decause she ne'er had had a child;
Which made her sad, and caus'd her slurs,
She said 'twas his fault, he said her's.
At length so high their wrath arose,
In fact they almost came to blows;
She called him useless hump of carrion,
And he retorting, called her barren.
At length, to end this foolish strife,
Thus did the gent address his wife:—
"My dear, 'tis useless thus to rail,
To gain our point we e'er shall fail,
So thus to try whose fault it is,
I'm willing to agree to this;
That I to town shall haste away,
And Dick my groom with you shall stay,
And do your jobs to end this bubble,
And I will pay him for his trouble,
And if he gets you in the family way,
I'll give in from that very day."
To this the lady was quite willing,
Her mind with lecherous fancies filling,
For Richard was a stout young blade,
And famous at the grinding trade.
Dick was call'd in, the tale was told,
He soon agreed, and took the gold;
And off to town that very day,
His master drove without delay.
When he was gone, the lady and Dick
Each day did nicely do the trick,

He hourly rifled all her charms,
 And bask'd quite happy in her arms;
 While she tri'd all the lustful arts,
 And much admir'd the groom's strong parts.
 It happen'd they usually choose each morn,
 To have a grind upon the lawn;
 By which did pass, aye every day,
 The village parson, so they say.
 One morning Spintext going by,
 At work the am'rous pair did spy,
 Within a shady little bower,
 And carefully he notes down the hour—
 Then walk away, nor said a word,
 But next day wrote off to her lord,
 Desiring he'd come home pell-mell,
 As he had wond'rous news to tell.
 Home came the gent, 'twixt fear and doubt,
 And quickly sought the parson out;
 Eager to know without delay,
 What so important he'd to say.
 "Si " said the gent, with stupid mien,
 When Spintext mention'd what he'd seen;
 "And is that all, good sir," said he,
 "You sent in haste to town for me?"
 "All," cried the parson with amaze,
 "Oh dear, these are sad and wicked days,
 When husbands think it is no matter,
 To wear the horns, nor make a clatter!"
 "Stuff," cried the gent, "I knew all this,
 I knew my groom my wife did kiss,
 And just to indulge her am'rous flame,
 I paid him well to do the same!"
 "Oh!" cried the parson, with upturn'd eyes,
 "To hear you say so, what surprise,
 How silly to pay him you must be,
 For if you'd only come to me,
 I'd have rode your wife with will,
 And not have charg'd you for my skill."

THE JACK-TAR AND THE COCK-BOAT; OR,
 THE WOLF IN THE LADY'S BELLY.

An Out-and-out Recitation.

Poor Miss Dobb a lady fair,
 Was taken very ill, oh dear,

And just to know what was the matter,
 She sent for little Doctor Chatter!
 The doctor came, with cane in hand,
 And tried to look uncommon grand.
 "Where is your pain, ma'am, pr'ythee tell me?"
 "My belly, doctor! oh, my belly!"
 The doctor hearing her thus exclaim,
 Felt 'neath her clothes, the pretty dame,
 Nor was the doctor such a muff,
 As to forget the part so rough!
 When he had satisfied himself,
 "My dearest madam," cried the elf,
 "To cure you no doctor can,
 Your only remedy's a man,
 For you, it cannot be denied,
 Have got a wolf in your inside;
 And be it known, without a doubt,
 Nought but a man can get it out!"
 "Oh dear!" cried she, and much distressed,
 I ne'er can yield to your request,
 I never have had a man,
 And to withstand it I ne'er can!"
 "Well," said the doctor, "'tis no lie,
 Without a man you'll surely die!"
 The maid alarm'd, exclaim'd, "oh lor,
 I never felt such grief before,
 But if a man I must have to me,
 Why, doctor, you that man must be!"
 The doctor gravely shook his head,
 And then in solemn tone he said,
 "With your request I can't comply,
 Such scandal would o'erwhelm my name,
 That it would crush at once my fame!"
 This excuse seem'd so correct,
 The lady she could not object,
 But hop'd the doctor would look out,
 And engage a man without more rout,
 Promising when he had till'd her grounds,
 To give to him in gold ten pounds!
 Just then, the doctor, in the street,
 Espied a jolly tar so neat;
 Who look'd a very likely lad,
 So thus he call'd to him quite glad;

" Here, Jack, here's ten pounds bid if you
 Will board a vessel trim and true !"
 " Shiver my topsails cried the tar,
 " Then just the wery lad I are ;
 I'll board the craft well, splice her sails,
 My marling-spikè it never fails !"
 Up came Jack into the room,
 And boarded the craft, being just in tune,
 But when forth his marline-spike he drew,
 A conger eel the end hung to !
 " Dear me ! " exclaim'd the am'rous maid,
 " You are a good one at your trade ;
 So, if you like, and that is plain,
 You're free to board my craft again !"
 " No, if I do, I'm d—d : " cried Jack,
 And at the lady look'd quite black ;
 " Sich tricks as this won't do for me,
 Look at this conger eel, d'ye see ?
 So if you like to turn your cock-boat fair,
 Into a fishing-pond, I swear,
 You sha'n't, I tell you plain, my mate,
 Have my tough marline-spike for bait."

LUBIN AND BETTY ; OR, PECKING THE EYES OUT.

A Capital New Recitation.

Down in the country liv'd a lass,
 Who did all other girls surpass,
 For beauty both in form and face,
 She with a lady had a place.
 Now Betty work'd so very hard,
 That she from sleep was quite debarr'd,
 At home, so when she could get out,
 She'd lay her down without more rout,
 And to her drowsy passion yields,
 And takes a nap while in the fields.
 One day, the sun being burning hot,
 Poor Betty to a field had got,
 So went to sleep upon the grass,
 And while she slept, her mistress pass'd.
 Seeing her stretch'd upon the green,
 With nought the sun for her to screen.

She woke her up, without delay,
 And in reproving tones did say,
 "Betty, it is a sad disgrace,
 To sleep, and thus expose your face,
 But if you do so, and no lies,
 The ravens will pick out your eyes!"
 Betty alarm'd at what she swore,
 Declar'd that she'd do so no more,
 But when she slept again in air,
 She'd cover up her face so fair.
 Next day she to the field did creep,
 And laid her down to have a sleep,
 But of the ravens being in dread,
 Pull'd all her clothes above her head;
 Leaving each charm expos'd to view,
 As fair and bare as e'er they grew!
 While thus quite naked Betty lay,
 Young Lubin, walking, pass'd that way,
 And quite entranc'd at such a sight,
 He gaz'd upon her with delight!
 While thus he look'd his passions rose,
 Such beauties Betty did expose;
 A belly white as any snow,
 A fairer man ne'er got upon,
 So seeing there was no one nigh,
 "Dang it, said he, "I'll have a shy!"
 Quick at the word, his magic staff,
 He brought to view, and with a laugh,
 He went to work with right good will,
 For Lubin was a lad of skill!
 Betty arous'd by such queer play,
 Entranc'd with bliss, contented lay,
 As Lubin work'd without more dread,
 She kept her clothes tight o'er her head,
 "Oh, pick away," she laughing cries out,
 I'm bless'd if you shall pick my eyes out."

THE FATAL BLADDER.

A Capital Smutty rec' on, now first printed.

A tale I heard, no doubt 'tis true,
 As 'twas told me, I'll tell it you,
 About a lady young and gay,
 Who taken was in a queer way.

The part affected, as you see,
 Was a little spot above her knee.
 A spot possess'd by ev'ry miss,
 The centre mark of all man's bliss.
 The cause of her affliction sad,
 And what indeed near drove her mad,
 Was owing—listen all you Turks,
 To the weakness of her water-works.
 Advice she had from men of skill,
 And thus at last one spoke his will,
 That she must get the part, ne'er doubt it,
 Devested of the furze about it,
 Which must be done—be't understood.
 Without a shedding a single drop of blood.
 When this she heard, she sent around,
 But not a barber could be found,
 To shave the secret little part,
 With so much skill, and so much art.
 So finding no end to her care,
 The lady was in sad despair.
 One day while driving out of town,
 Attended by her maid, nam'd Brown,
 Over a certain door, by gole,
 She saw up rear'd a stout long pole!
 Amaz'd at this, she said to Brown,
 "What means that pole which there is shown?"
 "Why, that's a barbers," said the maid,
 "The pole's the emblem of his trade,
 And such a man of skill is he,
 They say in town or country,
 If you should search the world around,
 To shave like him none could be found!"
 The lady pleas'd to hear this tale,
 To stop her carriage did not fail,
 And walking in the barber's door,
 Her wants and wishes told him o'er,
 And offer'd him ten pounds quite free,
 If he could shave her—tweedlum dee!
 "Done," said the barber, "I'm the man
 Who do the job quite neatly can,
 So walk into my parlour straight,
 And not a minute shall you wait."
 In walk'd the lady, young and fair,
 And sitting down in an arm chair,

With many blushes—pull'd up her clothes,
 And now Miss Fanny did expose,
 So thickly spread with furze around,
 A bushier one could not be found.
 The barber went to work quite gay,
 And briskly lather'd he away;
 But scarcely had shav'd off a hair,
 When a vulgar laugh they both did hear.
 The lady frighten'd at the sound,
 Jump'd from the chair, and gaz'd around,
 And at the brick window—oh dear,
 The simple cause did soon appear;
 For there, with mouth distended wide,
 The barber's 'prentice lad she spied,
 Who all their deeds quite sly had view'd,
 Until young bob with lechery stood!
 "You rascal," cried his master, "here,
 How dare you stand thus peeping there?"
 "Why," lize zeed all," the lad repli'd,
 "You cannot do it, though you tried,
 But I can shave it clean and neat,
 And make the job sound and complete."
 The lady hearing this—his master asked,
 If she the boy's endeavours tasked,
 Whether she thought he knew his trade,
 And he could do as he said.
 His master answer'd very quick,
 The boy could really do the trick,
 For as she must well understand,
 Than him he had a lighter hand.
 "Then," said the lady, with much glee,
 "To-morrow send him unto me,
 And if he shaves me clean and well,
 I'll give him twenty pounds—farewell!"
 Home then rode the lady fair,
 And next day Robert did repair—
 Unto her house—with brush and razor,
 Resolving fairly to amaze her.
 Upon the sofa down she laid,
 With gown and shimmee o'er her head;
 While Bobby, sharp as any adder,
 Into the crevice shoved a bladder,
 Blowing the same quite full of air,
 Which made the wond'ring lady stare.

And brought Miss Fanny smooth and plump,
 Easy to come at as her rump.
 Bob lather'd her with famous skill,
 Then went to work with right good will,
 And in ten minutes—he I ween,
 Had shaved the part quite smooth and clean.
 Delighted at his clever way,
 The maid the promised cash did pay,
 And Bob with many bows—good lack,
 Was going away—but soon turned back;
 “Dang it,” he cries, “’twont do d’ye mind,
 To leave the bladder in behind,
 So please you miss—to save a rout,
 Pull up and let me pull it out.”
 The maid not dreaming then—alas!
 What fatal things might come to pass,
 With civil temper soon complies,
 And Bobby stepping ’twixt her thighs,
 At the full bladder gives a tug,
 Just like the pulling at a plug—
 But sad is the tale I have to tell,
 What through that tug the maid befel—
 But although sad, ’tis true, no doubt,
 It turned her Fanny inside out;
 And made her scream aloud with pain,
 But nought could get it in again!
 So this is true—what now I say,
 It’s inside out from that sad day.

Be warned by this ye maidens all,
 If illness should your parts befal,
 Unless you would be driven madder,
 Ne’er up your Fanny take a bladder,
 Or perhaps the same may you betide;
 Bladders were meant to hang outside.

THE SILVER CHAMBER POT!

A regular Out-and-out Recitation.

A gentleman of wealth and riches,
 Possessed of houses, fields, and ditches,
 Amongst his treasures, such a lot,
 Had got a silver chamber pot;
 A present left him by a friend,
 Which he much prized, you may depend;

In fact he would not—mind the old,
 Have it used by any but himself.
 And cautioned all his maids so fair,
 Upon their perils not to dare
 To use it when he was away,
 Which they all promised to obey.
 But promises are only wind,
 And all the female sex, now mind—
 Are sure to do, or I'm a liar,
 Contrary to all that you desire.
 So did it happen with this swell.
 You may depend upon the truth I tell;
 For when he'd gone, not one would miss,
 For a treat, in the silver pot to piss!
 This vex'd their master, who, no doubt,
 Their watery tricks did soon find out,
 And vow'd if he could the culprit find,
 He'd serve her out in a certain kind.
 Long did he try to find a plot,
 To unravel the secret of the pot,
 And at last a thought came in his head,
 Which would succeed he did not dread.
 Round the pot's edge, ere out he went,
 He spread some very strong cement.
 Then out he walk'd, and smiled with glee,
 To think how trick'd some fair would be.

Now it happen'd on that very day,
 Betty, his chambermaid, they say,
 Her sister asked to come to tea,
 And was as happy as could be.
 When tea was o'er—now do not scoff,
 The lass wanted to let her water off;
 And Betty, to shew her what they'd got,
 Took her to piss in the silver chamber pot.
 Down squats the maid upon her rump,
 Bang on the silver piss-pot plump,
 And soon from her spring; ah, do not blush
 Into the pot a stream did gush,
 Which the receptacle fell in,
 Like peas rattling on a sheet of tin.
 But judge her horror and her woe,
 When her water it had ceased to flow,
 To find, which you will own was rum,
 The pot was sticking to her bum!

And all her arts defied—don't scoff,
 Though long she tried to get it off.
 Around the room she bounced, alas,
 But still the pot stuck to her a—e.

Home came the gent amid the noise,
 Hope of some fun his heart then buoyed,
 And to his chamber quick he hied,
 But there no p—s pot he espied !
 In a great rage loud he did bawl,
 And summoned the servants, one and all,
 And questioned them so close, forsooth,
 That Betty soon confessed the truth,
 And introduced the hapless lass,
 With the p—s pot sticking to her a—e.
 "A pretty job you've done," quoth he,
 Your only hope depends on me,
 You must submit to all I crave,
 Or carry that p—s pot to your grave !"
 "Oh, I'll submit," the damsel cries,
 The tears all streaming from her eyes,
 "Do then your will—kind sir, now come,
 Only take this Jerry from my bum !"
 The gent was pleased at what she said,
 She being a very handsome maid,
 So out a certain member drew,
 And at her Fanny—quickly flew !
 He work'd away with might and main,
 She nearly fainted with the pain,
 And being overwhelmed quite,
 She fa—ed with a ten-horse might,
 Which had no sooner come to pass,
 Than off the pot flew from her a—e.

So thus you see, this pretty miss,
 By that one luckless, fatal p—s,
 Had her rump tortured—filled with dread,
 Got kiss'd—and lost her maidenhead !

